

Miss Independent

*a one act comedy about finding yourself after your marriage goes
down the toilet*

by Ashley Nader

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Miss Independent (Written by: Ashley Nader)

Cynthia: Is he still sleeping?

Stuart: Passed out cold in the backseat. Didn't even move when I lifted him up.

Cynthia: That's good, we really had a wonderful time. He is growing up so fast, that little boy.

Stuart: He is mom, Can't believe he will be six in July. I don't know how you do it, he runs circles around me and Robert yet when he comes here he is out like a light.

Cynthia: I make sure we do as much as we can together, we play cards, and then the suitcase full of toys comes out and we put up old empty bottles and play bowling, and the most important thing which has become our little ritual, soft boiled eggies with soldiers and then afterwards Marshmallows on sticks over candle light. Like I use to do with you at that age.

Stuart: Its nice for him, he gets excited and enjoys the trips to granny as he gets to do things that we don't usually do at home.

Cynthia: I know calories and trans fats

Stuart: Which makes his time here enjoyable and gives him lots to talk about during the week until his next visit.

Cynthia: I do enjoy it my boy. I just wish your dad didn't work as much as he does, as he misses out on the special times with Scott.

Stuart: I know, but you know Dad, he wont listen to reason. He is committed to his job even if it meant his family came second.

Cynthia: Don't be so hard on your father. He did the best for us; a lot of fathers and families are not that open and accepting. We always had food on our table and a roof over our head. We always went on summer holidays and he would make sure that he was free when he could be. He's had the same job for the last 30 years, I guess its been such apart of his life its difficult to change his habits.

Stuart: You're right mom. Things could have turned out extremely different for the worst. I just want Scott to experience what I had from dad and what dad was like. It just seems lately he's never here.

Cynthia: Well that's what you can show him, the little traditions and the stories he use to tell you. You can pass those down on to him. Yet I will talk to him, he's missing his grandson growing up.

Stuart: Thanks mom, I better get home and get him ready for bed, Robert has

dinner waiting.

Cynthia: You are so lucky to have a man that knows how to cook, bless your father he can't even boil an egg. Drive safe, love you my boy

(New Scene)

(This scene is basic yoga ball, mats and exercise clothing)

Christmas: Okay in the position you are in take in deep breaths and allow the air to filter through every part of your body. In with the new out with the old.

Stuart: You owe me for this.

Cynthia: Your father owes you, one mention of Christmas running this private class and he refused, he doesn't like her at all. Whenever I mention her, he cringes.

Stuart: Well she is an acquired taste, the taste you get when drinking wine after brushing your teeth.

Cynthia: I've been joining her classes for years, you get used to her. Besides a free class is nothing to be sneezed at.

Christmas: Imagine as you roll your body forward you are tumble weed rolling through the outback, free and uninhibited.

Cynthia: A bit of exercise is not the end of the world besides you need to keep your other half interested, wanting more.

Stuart: Robert still loves me , it's just now there is more of me to love.

Cynthia: It's good for you Stewie, a chance to be doing some different then being stuck behind a desk all the time.

Stuart: My body in the last 30 minutes hasn't bent this much in years.

Cynthia: It reminds of giving birth without the labor pain. No pain, no gain.

Stuart: I'm so glad we didn't have to go through that, could you imagine me ruining this figure.

Christmas: Deep breaths, lips shut and allow your thoughts and heartbeat to focus and return to normal. Allow your body to relax and droop like a weeping willow.

Cynthia: What is that smell?

Stuart: Sorry that's me, a bit of bad air that needed to be expressed.

Cynthia: Show some decorum.

Stuart: I would have exploded.

Christmas: That's it release those toxins in with the good out with the bad.

Stuart: I think I'm done, there's more toxins being released. I'm going to the change rooms, before I need a diaper.

Cynthia: Oh really!

Stuart: I'll see you in reception.

Cynthia: Thank you so much Christmas for seeing us before the coupon expired. I'm surprised you weren't busier this time of year.

Christmas: A lot of people have already left for the holidays.

Cynthia: Speaking of Christmas, are you doing anything exciting.

Christmas: Not this year, my family are travelling and my boyfriend is with his family.

Cynthia: I'm sorry to hear that, I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you joined them. It is Christmas after all.

Christmas: It's a bit complicated, they don't know about us yet.

Cynthia: Don't worry dear, I'm sure things will come right. I have an idea why don't you come and join us, you shouldn't be alone.

Christmas: Thank you so much, I couldn't impose. I will just have a quite Christmas watch some good tv give myself a mani and pedi, have a bit of a pamper down time session.

Cynthia: The offer is there if you change your mind. Happy Holiday's. If we don't see you around our dinner table see you in the new year.

Christmas: The first class starts on 22 January. It was nice to meet your son. You two seem very close, a good support structure.

Cynthia: We get on so well, he really has done well for himself and created such a lovingly family. His partner and my grandson, I couldn't ask for more. Listen to me babble on. Take care.

(Cynthia leaves the stage)

Christmas: Enjoy your family for now, nothing lasts forever, trust me I should know.

(New Scene)

(Still with the yoga mats and balls)

(Cynthia is approaching Christmas, while she is preparing for her next class)
Cynthia: Another great class.

Christmas: I increased the work out, a bit of a shock to the system.

Cynthia: It was brilliant, burn off all those extra Christmas calories that have been picked up. Speaking of, how was your Christmas, Christmas?

Christmas: I went to friend we drank vodka and painted our toe nails.

Cynthia: Sounds relaxing.

Christmas: How was yours?

Cynthia: The house was full of people, drinking, laughing, eating, my grandson running around with his new toys. I don't mean to pry yet has your boyfriend spoken to his family yet about you?

Christmas: No! He said he would after boxing day he was going to tell them and make it official. December has come and gone and still nothing.

Cynthia: Is he worth it. It sounds like a lot of unnecessary baggage.

Christmas: He is, he makes me feel amazing when he makes time for me.

Cynthia: You know what I say bugger it, if he means so much to you, why don't you talk to his family. Do you know where they live.

Christmas: Yes.

Cynthia: Then it's settled go to his house and introduce yourself.

Christmas: I don't know, maybe I should wait a bit longer.

Cynthia: What until next Christmas. He just needs a shove in the right direction.

Christmas: Maybe you're right.

Cynthia: I know I'm right

Christmas: I'm going to do it right now.

Cynthia: That's the spirit.

(Christmas takes Cynthia's hand)

Christmas: We need to talk.

(New Scene)

(Cynthia screaming to the wings while in her lounge)

Cynthia: Don't Just drive away. Face me you bastard... I hope she gives you crabs. You son of a bitch... That's it. He thinks he can get away this. (Grabs his clothes and throws them over the stage) I hope every time you screw her you get cramp in your arse.

(New scene)

(Cynthia in bathrobe drinking Old Brown Sherry straight from bottle in the lounge)

Stuart: Hello mom?

Cynthia: I,m here, Stu.

Stuart: What's going on? I found this in the bushes, Mrs. Bronie phoned me said she heard you fighting with Dad and then saw him in the middle of the night picking up his clothes in the garden.

Cynthia: It's over.

Stuart: What is?

Cynthia: Your father and I.

Stuart: I don't understand.

Cynthia: He's left me for another women, not just any other women my fucking yoga instructor, Christmas.

Stuart: I ... I ... When did this start? Christmas?

Cynthia: I can't believe him, and her that bendy bohemian hippy slut. They've been seeing each other for two years and now that I know they're going to move in together.

Stuart: When?... How?... So dad just came out with it. His family; everything's over now because I'm getting my willy wet. So that's it?

Cynthia: He didn't tell me, I found out and confronted him.

Stuart: So how did you find out?

Cynthia: Christmas told me, she couldn't wait for your father anymore.

Stuart: Well it definitely solves the mystery of why he was working so late.

Cynthia: Indeed it does especially since he didn't have a job since he met her and

has been pissing his pension up the wall, pretending all was okay.

Stuart: I'm so sorry mom. That type of news should of come from dad. She had no right to say anything.

Cynthia: Everyone started looking at us and then we got into a fight when I told her, I hope her silicon explodes in her face, and then I attacked and hit her with a chair. Paramedics took her to hospital and your father came to shit on me, as to how I could beat her up and make a scene.

Stuart: I'm surprised she is still breathing to tell the tale.

Cynthia: I swear if she ever steps foot into this house, ill pop those fake boobies and make her fly around like a helicopter.

Stuart: Is there anything I can do for you?

Cynthia: Get rid of his clothes, the ones I haven't had a chance to rip or burn up. His medication can be taken and if he asks about his boner pills tell him he can now start paying for his own erections.

Stuart: I'll come change the locks and get you new keys over the weekend.

Cynthia: If she takes his Surname. She's going to be Mrs. Christmas Eve. That's ridiculous. Maybe it would be better if I just moved.

Stuart: Your kidding right?

Cynthia: Honestly, I don't know I haven't made my mind up yet. I'm thinking strongly about it.

Stuart: You've stayed in this house for over 20 years. I grew up here and there's so many memories.

Cynthia: Destroyed memories. I keep thinking, did he ever bring her here? or in which parts of this house did they have sex? when I would go out to do the shopping or fetch his medication or buy his favourite meat from the butcher, was he with her? My mind is poisoned. They could have humped each other on this couch for all we know.

Stuart: We'll get through this together.

Cynthia: Together? You still have Robert and Scott to support.

Stuart: You have me!

Cynthia: I'm scared to leave the house, to have my neighbours look at me with pity and talk about me behind my back. He can move on and have a new life and what do I have? The pieces to pick up and the embarrassment and pity to deal with.

Stuart: I'm here for you.

Cynthia: Thank you my boy, I just think its best you go now I want to be alone.

Stuart: Okay, I'll phone you tomorrow. Love you

Cynthia: Love you my boy.

(She's on the couch and takes a swig from the bottle and has a deep sigh)
(lights dim, New scene)

(Cynthia in her dressing gown, empty take away packets on the floor in the lounge)

Stuart: (Walks in Cynthia off stage) Mom. Hello. Mom?

Cynthia: (Comes on stage eating a piece of chicken). What Stu? I was eating breakfast.

Stuart: Where?

Cynthia: In bed! What's the problem?

Stuart: Its one thing to have breakfast in bed, but fried chicken? When was the last time you got changed or bathed?

Cynthia: (Smells herself, gives a shrug and bites her chicken) It's not important, my breakfast is getting cold and I'm missing the Power Puff Girls.

Stuart: Are you even wearing a bra?

Cynthia: Of course! How dare you? It's around my waist. I'm gathering the "fashion police" comments are over and you going to tell me what you are doing here.

Stuart: All your friends from church, bible study, arts and crafts, line dancing have been phoning asking me if you're okay. They say you haven't been answering their calls and haven't been attending any of the get togethers.

Cynthia: Nosey bitches, they just want some good gossip, to make themselves feel high and mighty.

Stuart: I don't think it's like that mom.

Cynthia: It is, they act all sweet to your face and then behind it, they're sharpening their knives.

Stuart: Maybe you need to find new friends and different hobbies, where people don't know your business. This is not healthy mom. Why don't you speak to a professional?

Cynthia: What? Go to some quack to tell me my life's story and pin point it on some weird family member, like your uncle Jim who used to pick his nose and eat it when we went to Sunday school. No thank you. I can deal with this in my own way. Thank you very much!